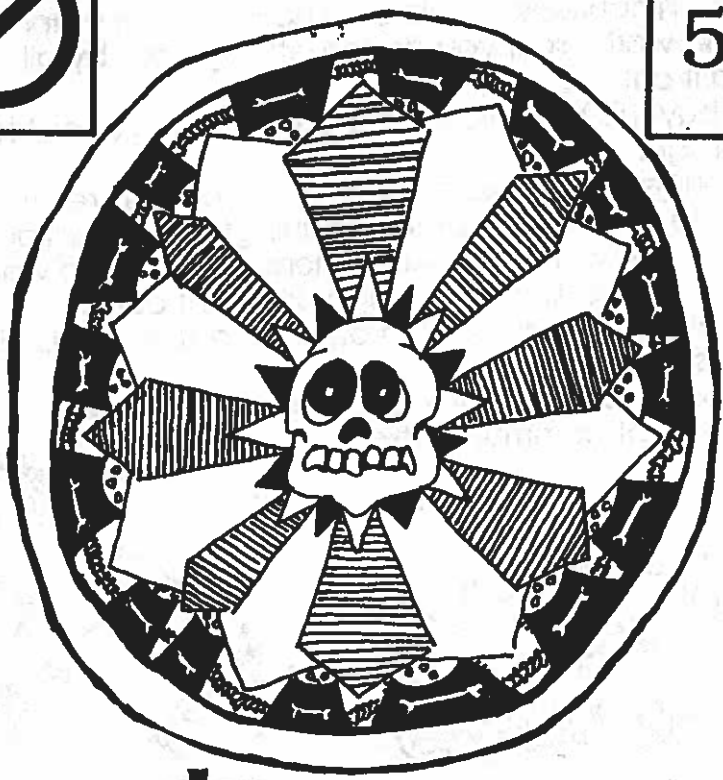
Life is a Joke

#4- Nothing is sacred

March 1989

Stories, Comics, Art, Crap.

50¢



be proud

I WALK INTO THIS AS A SPONGE.

By Joe Franke

©1989 JOE FRANKE

MAD.

Life is a Joke

WELCOMES YOU

Hi, this is Joe Franke, writer and artist of Life is a Joke, a one-man operation I put out every two months or so. I do not accept contributions for this, but I have various other projects in the works, so if you do something cool, by all means, send it out.

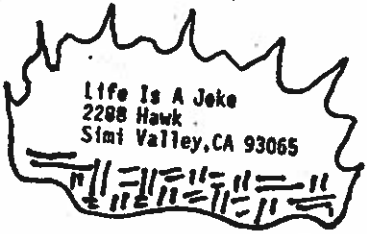
If you buy this by mail, send a dollar. I can't afford to pay for postage.

I, of course, would like to hear all comments regarding this, or just write to say "hi"or other meaningful espousations.

I'll trade ads with other publications if it seems to work out, and I'll also sell ads for 40$/page, 20$/half page, 10$/quarter page, and so on into an ad the size of a period (.) which costs 3¢.

O.K., well,if you have any questions, write! It is my favorite method of communicatiion.

— JOE.



RESIDENT
2288 HAWK
SIMI VALLEY, CA 93065

Cafeteria 3.29.89

I had this idea. There are these snack vending machines with a number of transparent compartments (refridgerated, I think) in them. Anyway, this can be rotated so you can select the desired snack and open the certain compartment with it. O.K., now there's nothing stopping someone from placing something else in the snack's place once the compartment is opened, for example, a dead rat. Sound like a good idea? Give it a try!

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BAD RELIGION

AND

the sugarcubes.

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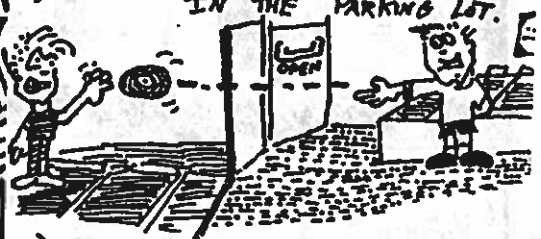
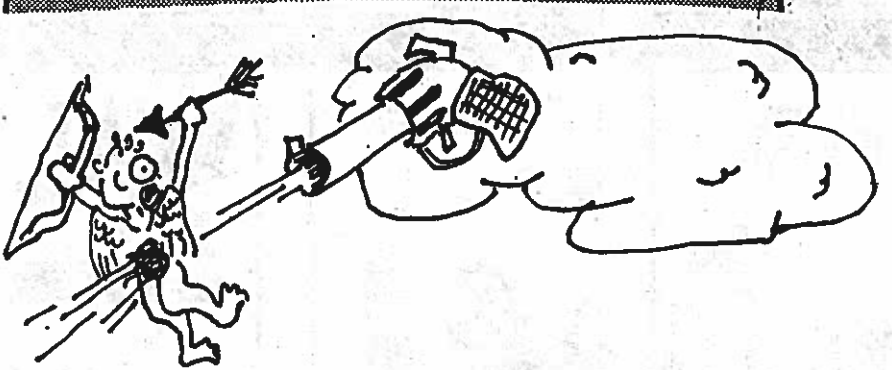
HOW TO STEAL RECORDS

—GOOD LUCK !!!!

1) FRISBEE THEM OUT TO FRIENDS IN THE PARKING LOT.



2) GET SOMEONE TO THROW UP AS A DISTRACTION.



LOVE IS NOT BLIND, EVERY NOW + THEN ITS AIM IS TRUE.

THE 9 LEVELS OF HELL

Joe Franke ø 2.8.89

COFFEE = LOVE

Socially, life was a drag for most of High School and around then. By drag, I mean hanging onto the bumper of a car and going over at least 800 feet of asphault. I had no friends until the last year, and with them I was still pretty much alone most of the time. We were true social outcasts, which was fine with us.

Anyway, we did things, not the same functions other teenagers participated in, like dances, football games, and "parties." Our stuff was more along the lines of driving around with zombie masks on, screaming at people.

Doing that sort of thing made us tired. We needed a place to relax, and more importantly, to talk. Denny's was there for us. It was almost perfect. A large booth was provided for all of us, no parents, good food, and our sacrament... coffee. We would, at first, buy coffee because it was not only the cheapest thing on the menu, but because refills were endless. It was eternal. For a paltry amount we could all partake of the atmosphere and the beverage.

We would sit behind the booth, wire ourselves, and talk on and on about plans for the future, a movie we just saw, music, comics, sex, or other people that were assholes to us. Refills would come (never often enough) and we'd periodically get up to use the restroom. The formula was the same. The coffee flowed.

Coffee became a part of us in a similar way alcohol becomes part of other teenager's lives. We started drinking it at home, enabling us to keep hours disconcordanant with society.

1984-Black Flag's Slip It In album comes out with the song "Black Coffee." It was too good to be true. My favorite band, my favorite liquid. It became my theme song for life.

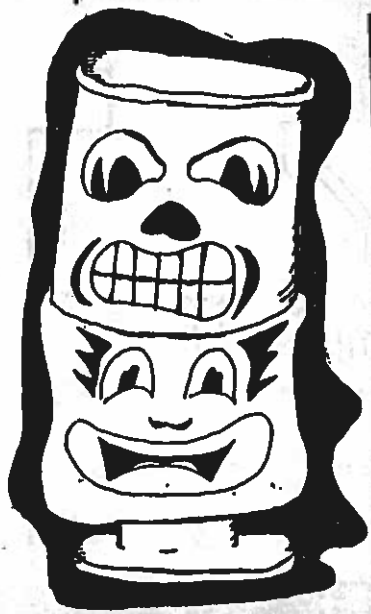
1985-The Whirley company in Warren, PA marketed plastic "commuter" non-spill coffee cups as a promotional item for donut shops, convenience stores, and the like. They became an obsession with me. I would go for long drives in search of donut stores I didn't have a cup for. Many had mounts for the dashboard, so I had a long row of cups across mine, obstructing my view of the road. I had crates of cups filling my room, and I was constantly on the lookout for more.

Coffee still holds the same value in my mind, and I use it even more now. The term "Coffee Achiever" is no joke. I've never seen anyone down a pot of java and just sit around quietly. Positive energy flows from it. My love for coffee is undying. Coffee, I thank you, and I raise my cup to you.

IT WOULD BE REALLY COOL TO HAVE A ZOMBIE GO TO MY CLASS + TAKE NOTES FOR ME.

COFFEE LETS YOU:
DRINK
THINK
DO THINGS

LET YOUR HAIR DOWN!
OR, IF YOU'RE A SKINHEAD, LET YOUR SKIN DOWN!



THE HORROR!!!

#4 Interviews/ Pagan Babies, Moral Crux

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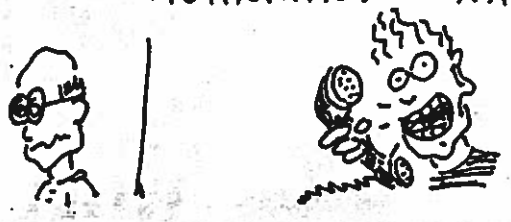
WAYS TO GET REVENGE ON A CO-WORKER!

FIRST – SLIP A "MICKEY" INTO THEIR COFFEE AT BREAKTIME.

SECOND – CALL UP THE DRUG TESTING AUTHORITIES + NAIL HIM!



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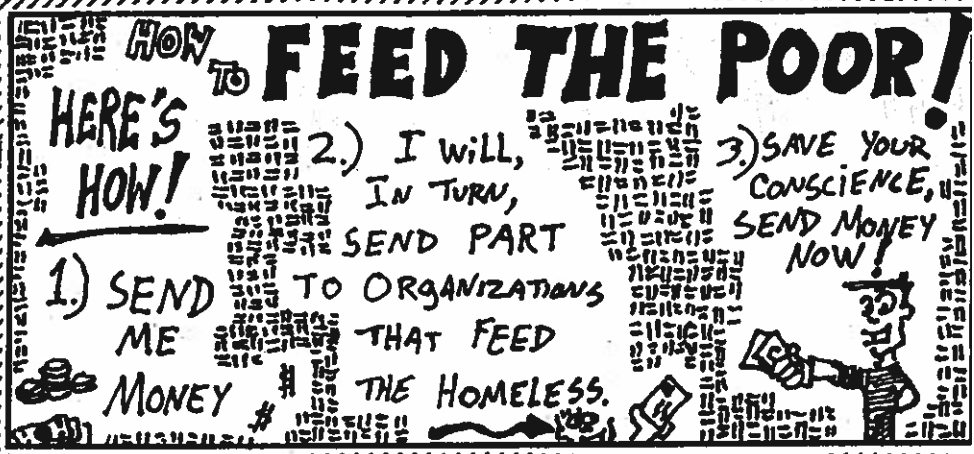
IF IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE FAILING A DRIVING TEST, THREATEN TO "TAKE THE GUY TO HELL"

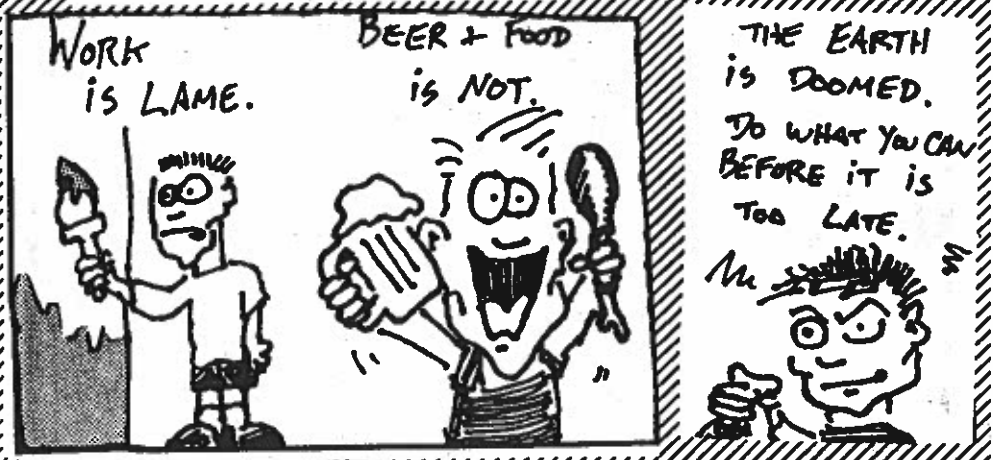
Kitchen 3.25.89

I was trying to get a fly out of the kitchen, so I opened the sliding glass door. The fly was on the ledge in the doorway, so I kicked at it to get the fly out of the door. My shoe caught it and it was crushed and smeared along the pathway in the grooves the door moves through. Free death, it was almost effortless. I wonder how many other actions result in a bonus effect such as this.



3.3.89

I think what happened was that "god"...in the beginning said "*Let there be Lice,*" and from that time on, a mass of vermin infested the earth.

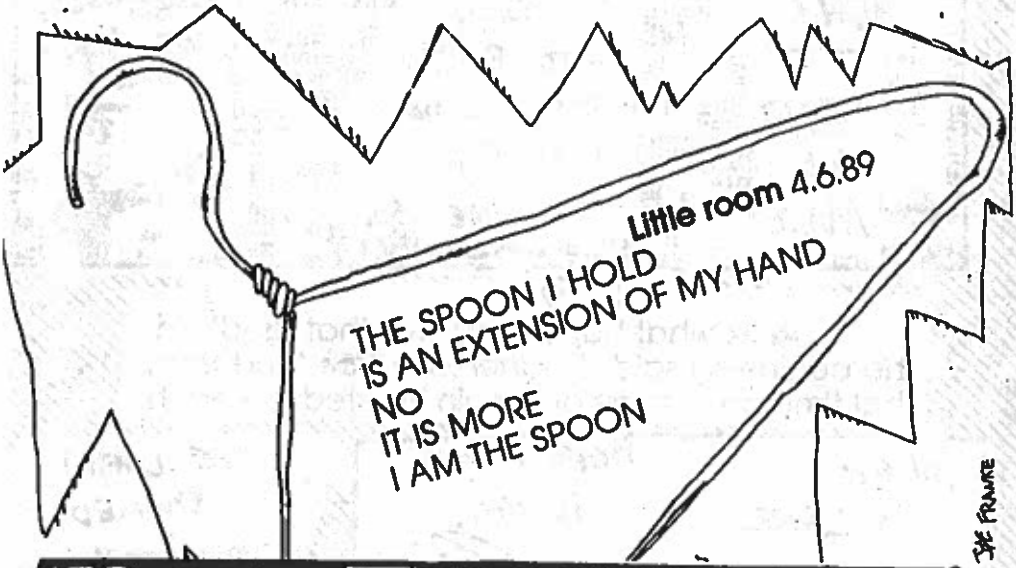


3.25.89

HOT DOGS COOKED IN A MICROWAVE LOOK SHRIVELED AND DISEASED SOMETHING ABOUT THAT DOESN'T SIT WELL WITH ME

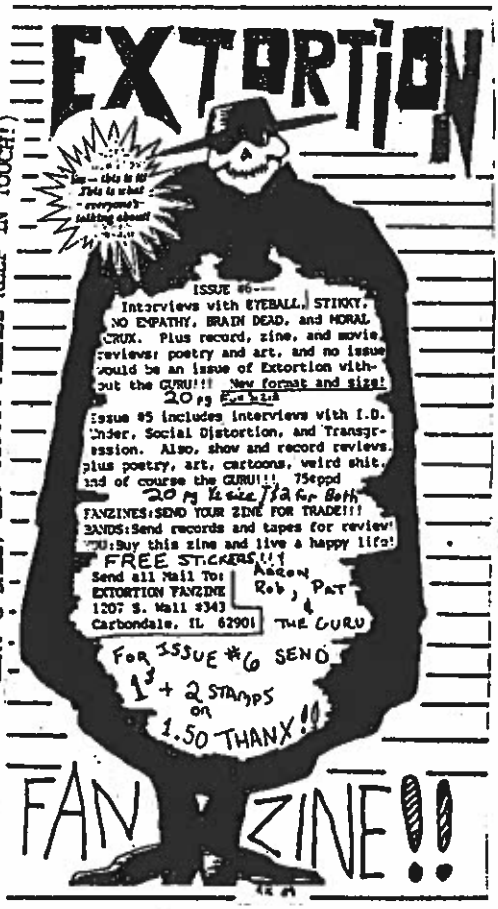
B

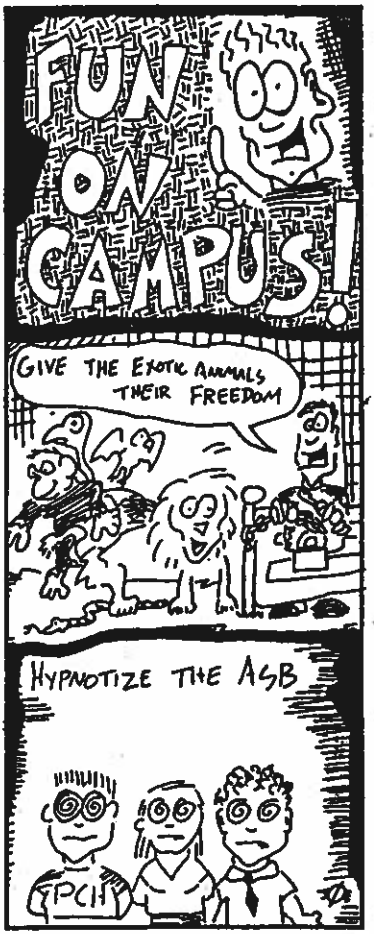
GROUP OF BIBLE STUDENTS: Looking to rent a building to suit up to 50 people on Sunday. West Simi preferred.
HERE'S WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING!
BASS KEG


Little room 4.6.89
THE SPOON I HOLD
IS AN EXTENSION OF MY HAND
NO
IT IS MORE
I AM THE SPOON
JOE PRANTE

FRANK
HOW TO TALK TO YOUR PARENTS
FIRST, SET YOURSELF ON FIRE
THEN, TELL THEM YOU LOVE THEM, AND ASK THEM FOR MONEY

(NOTE!!!—THIS ADDRESS WILL CHANGE IN EARLY JUNE TO:
407 W. ELM, C-DALE, IL. 62901. PLEASE KEEP IN TOUCH!)





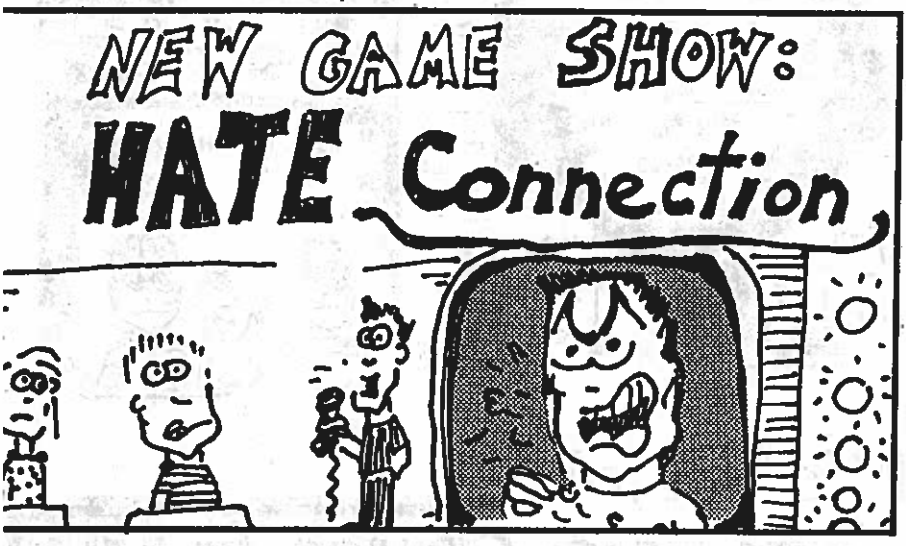
Life is a Joke

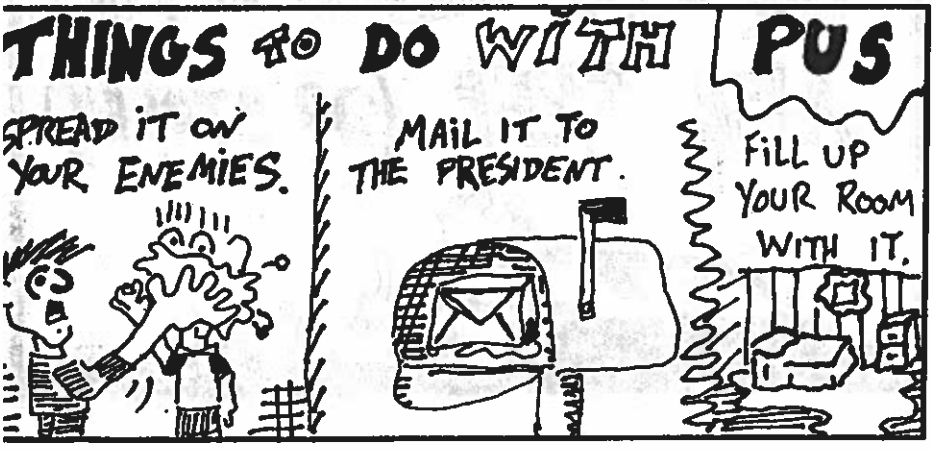
12.6.88

THERE IS A CHILD IN ALL OF US
AND AN OLD MAN
THAT CHASES IT AWAY
WITH A STICK

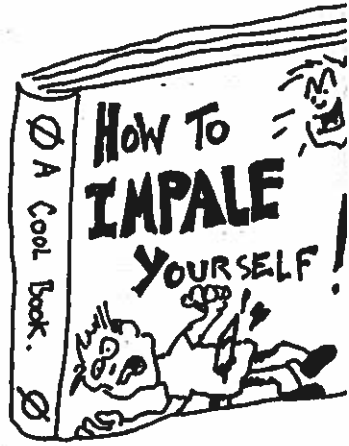
Kitchen 3.25.89

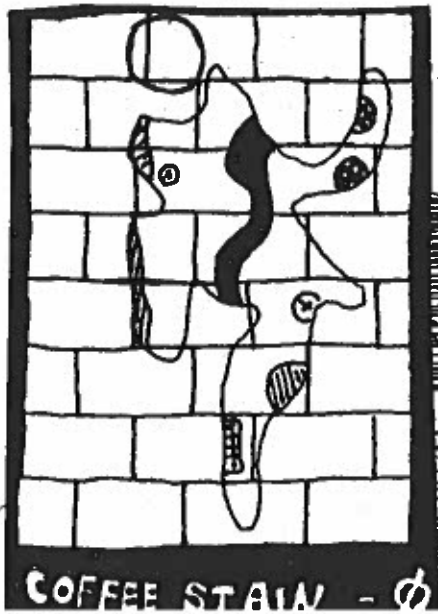
I WAS WASHING THE DISHES
I WASHED A DOG DISH
I AM LOW
I AM THE LOWEST
DISHWASHER FOR A DOG
NO ONE IS BELOW ME





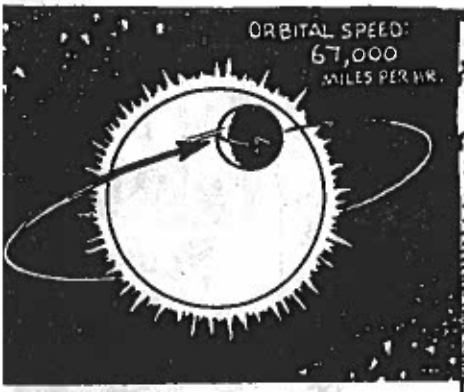
HELPING A DREAM COME TRUE





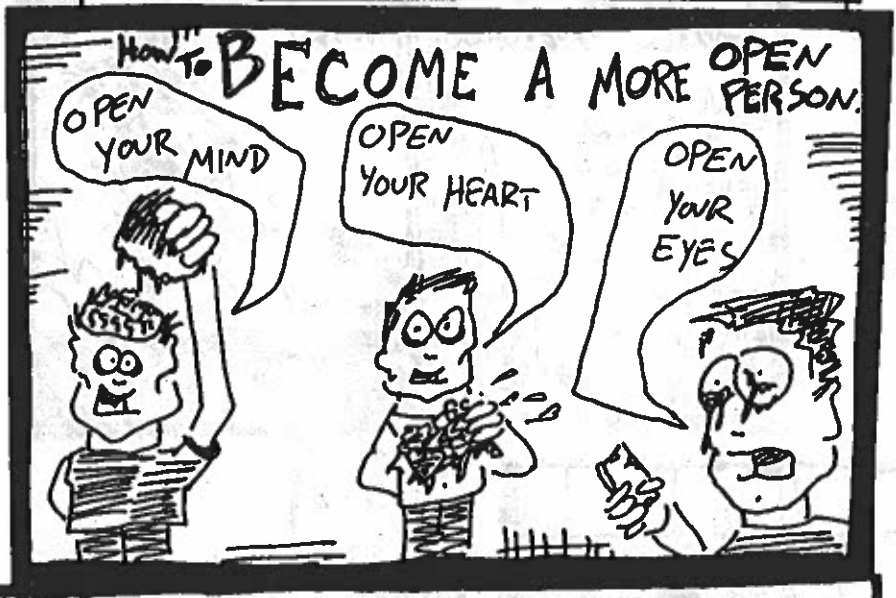
John Lemon

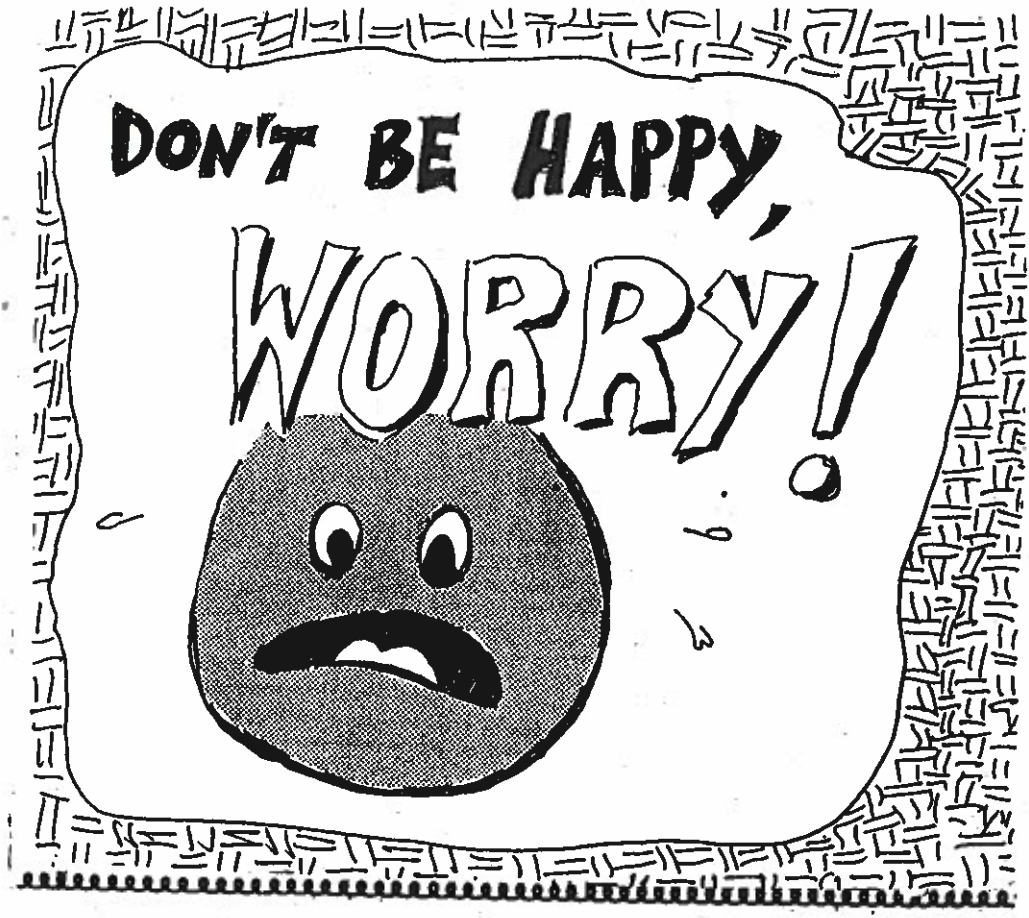
PUT A VIOLIN IN YOUR NOSE.



MOVEMENT OF THE EARTH
THE EARTH ROTATES ON ITS AXIS ONCE A DAY

MOVEMENT OF MY CAR
DRIVES TO HELL AND BACK EVERY HOUR AND A HALF





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